

# The St. Joseph's Collegian

Collegeville, Indiana.



March, 1932









# The St. Joseph's Collegian

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Volume XX

Number Six

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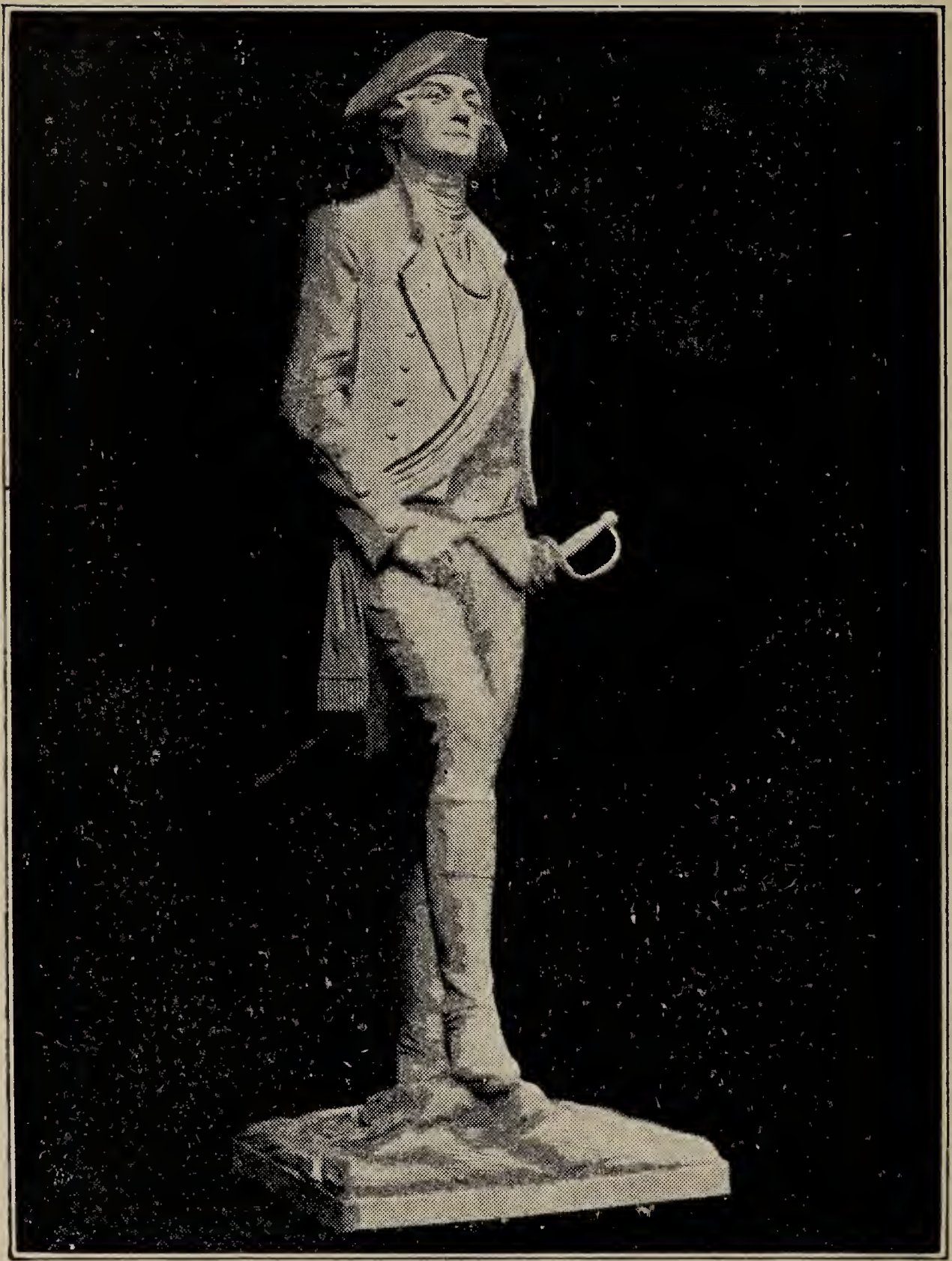
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MONUMENT OF WASHINGTON  
at Braddock, Pennsylvania

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## "MAD ROLANDS" WITH US

Isidore McCarthy

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The sixteenth century witnessed a poet, who, though innocent of his profound insight and great prophetic powers, foretold the political turmoil and social confusion that vexed the two last decades of the first part of the twentieth century. The process of vexing still goes on, and so does the truth of the prophecy. Could a better characterization of these times be sketched by any writer at present with the same degree of penetration and balanced judgment than does the Italian Swift, Ariosto, in his satiric "Orlando Furioso?" With keen criticism he cuts into the world of his day, which he considered mad, and flatters its frivolity with humorous banter, quite as the world even now loves to be flattered. The noble knight, whom Ariosto portrays as losing his wits for nothing more than that his lady-love is drawn away from him by the charms of a roistering menial, very properly illustrates the loss of wit on the part of the "Big Fellows" in every country of the world at present and that for no other reason than that one is afraid that the other will, in a menial way, beat him at his own game. Meanwhile the world continues sick and suffering.

If the famed author of the "Furioso Epic" were living today, he would, without a doubt, sketch a



more bitterly satirical picture of mankind than he painted at that remote period of time. Splendid material for his work would certainly be more abundant right now than it was in the days when he made it his purpose and hobby to deride the pretensions of a one-time glorious institution. Very unfortunately, among modern writers of repute there is no Ariosto to apply the lash of biting satire to the backs of those who, having lost all sense of values except the material; who, having eschewed every other sense of leadership except that of Mammon, now find themselves floundering hopelessly in the quagmire of a world-wide financial debacle. Not only is this the sore plight of individuals, but it is also the sore plight of governments. It is they in particular that have come to be the "Furiosissimi" Orlandos throughout the world. The whole trouble took its start already in the late eighties of the past century when the industrial boom began to rumble up the mountain of prosperity. The ride up that mountain was not without jolts, but it continued with none of the riders either in the governments or among the people realizing that on the other side of that mountain-peak there yawned a precipice. Of course that precipice could not be avoided, and in falling down into the chasm such cries were heard as "back to the farm," but there was nothing in farming—all that was found at the bottom of that declivity was Ghandi making salt.

There is one ailment that is a real danger for people who happen to have their hands in the affairs of government, and that dangerous ailment is myopia. Statesmen ought to be million-eyed with everyone of their million eyes farsighted. They can secure proper farsightedness by looking through the spectacles of the past. Have they made use of this de-



vice during the period lapsing from 1914 to 1933? The fact is that everybody in the course of this period of time, whether outside or inside of governments, suffered an increase of myopia until a real frenzy resulted from sheer short-sightedness that sent brains, common sense, plain understanding in one seething ferment into the ethereal regions where probably, like in the epic already brought in question, these human assets were caught by the moon and were there stored in stonewear jars; hence leaving this earth bereft of what it should prize most. Had anybody told Ariosto at the time when he was writing the "Orlando Furioso" that he was indicting a prophecy that would meet with fulfillment in the early part of the twentieth century, the old author would probably have regarded that fellow's cerebrum as fit material for a surgeon's paring knife. But what hearty laugh would he not enjoy were he alive now to see the following lines of his epic literally emerge into reality:

"Some lose their wits with love, some with ambition,  
Some running after wealth they never get,  
Some following lords and men of high condition,  
And some with avarice are overset;  
Some wish to be a subtle politician,  
And some with poetry their wits forget.  
So common sense and wisdom now decay,  
And all the world grows madder day by day."

What with Milton's powerful indictment of war in the second book of "Paradise Lost," with Aristophanes', of ambition in "The Birds," with Ariosto's, of folly in the "Orlando" the world should have learned its lesson. But war, ambition, and folly leave no room for learning anything. They make men and particularly statesmen dangerously myopic; just

the trouble today with the personnel of every government. Seemingly, it is mostly "little men" who are trying their hands at the helm of affairs; "little men" who see only what is under their noses; in fact men so "little" that like Bourbons they learn nothing and forget nothing, who are direly in need of the services of an Astolfo. May some Astolfo be quickly found, who will ride to the moon and bring common sense back to them. Ariosto could not have thought of a situation in all the world that would better justify the ideas he lays down in his epic than the immediately past two decades of years would offer him. Whatever Muse he implored for aid must have had the present situation in mind when giving him her answer.

On reading Ariosto's epic, one can almost feel the deep sense of pity or at least of earnest sympathy which his poetic heart must have entertained when he beheld the men of his maddened age calling bitterly for the aid of a true Astolfo. How his mind must have been wrung with mental anguish at the thought that his fellow men were steeped so deeply in follies that unless some ingenious Scotchman would offer his services and make the trip to the moon in their behalf and bring back their common sense, there would be no hope for them. If Astolfo was Scotch, he may not be willing to offer his services again; Chance, however, that kind dame who heals many a wound, may for the sake of people at present hold concealed some wily Irishman just around the corner of prosperity ready to send him on the important errand of restoring to people in high places what they so sorely need—the use of reason.

Whomever Chance may send on the errand to fetch a remedy for the world, now sorely sick, that particular fellow really should hurry to produce re-



sults, for the poor world is about to smother under the load of plasters that various plans have laid on her to heal her numerous maladies. There are the Versailles Peace Plaster, the League of Nations Plaster, the Young Plaster, the Dawes Plaster, and the present Two-Billion Plaster, one and all plans designed to squeeze blood from a turnip. If only the plaster-planners had laid hold of a red beet they might have some semblance of success. As it is they are whirling and veering about like Mad Rolands who, similar to Orlando of Ariosto's epic, will have to be tied with ropes to make them rest a while and think. Are there reasons for good hopes that Geneva is the place where the ropes will be applied?

But a timely example of the remarkably feeble influence on the troubles that harass the world wielded by such a round-table study as the one now in progress at Geneva is the imminent fracas in the Orient. Here in solemn conference sit the paladins chosen by the civilized nations to make the world safe for—it is not clearly known for what—but at least for something, while wicked little Japan is playing the part of "Orlando Furioso" with impunity. Why don't they put the ropes on the rascally little fellow? Evidently the Japanese Foreign Minister, who holds a seat at the round table, knows Italian Literature. In a gathering where all are Mad Rolands, who would dare say "bind this or that one for being mad?"

It is, however, a sheer waste of energy to go all the way to the Eastern part of the world to discover illustrations for "Furioso" stuff, when right at home there is sufficient political ineptitude to furnish examples plentiful enough to meet the most enormous demands. If ever the moon played a nasty trick on a group of people, it surely pulled just such a trick



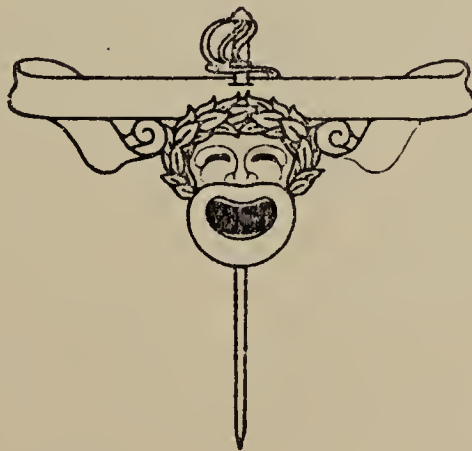
on the 531 people who run our National Government. There would be no sense in arguing about the influence that the moon exerts on the minds of statesmen; be that as it may. That there is a sly suspicion, however, in the public mind that the moon has its way with the brains of people is clearly indicated by the use of the word, lunatic. Now, judging from the manner in which many of our national problems are being handled, the economic situation, for instance, involving unemployment, together with the practice of playing fairy grandmother to the European powers in their financial difficulties, a slushy sentiment that permits itself to be outwitted to the extent of billions of dollars that are allowed to slip from our country with no prospects of returning, it may not be out of place to quote the following lines of the "Orlando" as an explanation:

"On every jar in which lost wits were stored,  
The loser's name was clearly written down.  
His own Astolfo spied, and much deplored  
That he had lost more wit than any clown.  
But when he saw the names of many a lord,  
And many a prince and poet of renown,  
Who think they have great store of wit, and boast it,  
He laughed, for it was plain they all had lost it."

Perhaps it is the curse of division of languages which goes all the way back to the Tower of Babel that gives aid to lunar tricks in producing "Furiosos" among men in lofty positions. Prime Ministers of various nations hurry back and forth, stage important conferences, leave with a broad smile on their faces that sets everybody expecting with the result that everybody continues expecting. Evidently these men don't understand one another's language. If one calls for mortar, the other gives him a brick; if one calls for bread the other gives him a stone.

Thus the wheel of events is made to turn—never far enough or else too far. If these men want peace, they know where to find it; if they want good times, they will have to tell the truth; but that is another thing. It may all be that their wits are so far gone that they do not want to understand one another's language. Who, for instance could understand this language as used by our own government, "Stop hoarding!" Even if people want to understand it, have they not been driven into the practice by the direst experiences that ever struck home? Shades of Benjamin Franklin and of all those who have ever inculcated thrift! Hurry off to the moon thou new Astolfo, whoever thou wilt be; lose no more time, for:

"The precious time we idly waste away,  
Our high designs that never take effect,  
Our good intentions and the long array  
Of opportunities that we neglect;  
Our hopes that fade, our virtues that decay,  
The counsel and the friendship we reject—  
Yes! Everything is there which we misuse,  
Save folly. That, alas! we never lose.



# Youth

Joseph Wittkofski

---

When Morn his russet mantle flings abroad  
To give a signal to the halting sun  
That time demands he should o'er earth ascend;  
Then youthful day steps forth from eastern clime.  
New life now takes the place of slumberous night,  
While Day in joy speeds o'er the firmament  
In strength of youth to run his mighty course  
That finds its goal where Sun in silence rests.

Like new-born Day, fair Youth assails its tasks  
Without or fear of ill or fear of storm;  
It dares the greatest perils on its way  
And boldly plans to press forever on.  
Yet jealous Time, like Night, will have its say  
And gruffly signal Youth to stand at bay.



## THE PLEASURES OF HITCH-HIKING

Victor Boarman

---

Catching a free ride in the days when the "shoe-line" was considered the most honorable mode of locomotion was a real hazardous undertaking. It implied nothing less than boldly hopping onto the cowcatcher of a railroad engine or onto the coupling rods and bumpers of freight cars. Not only was this method dangerous, but it was also at times deeply humiliating. A freight conductor, or some other train official might catch the unfortunate hitch-hiker and dislodge him very unceremoniously, unless it was the poor fellow's good luck to stow himself away in a box-car in which he might unfortunately find himself locked up and consigned to starvation. But civilization in the course of its progress has been kind enough to the hitch-hiker to shove all these dangers that attached to his profession into the limbo of forgotten things. Endless miles of slabbed highways; long lines of welcoming automobiles, and countless auto-trucks have joined in the game to make free-riding as safe as any slogan, "watch your step," could do, and as comfortable as any Pullman coach could make it.

For a long time, of course, after modern conveyances came into use, free-riding was held to be degrading—a fit mode of travelling only for bums. But very gradually the practice was reduced to an art, and since all sensible people love art, and since almost all automobiles are owned and run by sensible people, travelling by way of hitch-hiking has developed into an honorable profession. What belongs to the technique of this artful new profession may easily be learned. He who wishes to hitch-hike must know

how to dress himself for the occasion. He must, furthermore, know how to entertain the tourist who was kind enough to pick him up. To shoo away all embarrassment, some variety of "it's toasted" kind of smoke must be offered to the driving host. Then with the aid of a few wisecracks about the car, the weather, and the road, the hitch-hiker has fully satisfied the requirements of his profession, and he may feel positively content that it is not the host, the owner of the car, who is bestowing any favor, but that he himself is doing all the honors.

In the early days of the automobile, those who sought to be champion free-riders knew nothing about the game. They carried their freight-car manners out upon the open highway, and were insolent enough to signal the driver with a dirty red bandanna. If they received notice at all, they freely made themselves a nuisance by asking the driver to go fast or slow or even to transport them miles beyond the destination which the driver had in mind. Besides they expected the kindly gentleman who picked them up to furnish all the smokes and possibly even the drinks. With no regard for their personal appearance, or for the driver's humor, they made disagreeable company of themselves. These mistakes the modern hitch-hiker, who is wise to the art, will deftly avoid. Suitable dress and neat appearance are his first worries. To get the proper psychological ensemble, a light colored suit of which the trousers belong to the sport variety, topped off with a blue college sweater and edged at the bottom with glossily shined shoes, is so highly important that without this equipment he knows that there will not be a glimmer of success awaiting him. If he happens to be bareheaded, he must keep his hair well combed; if he happens to wear a hat, he must



tilt it at a rakish angle to show that he knows all about the world.

Baggage? Of course not. A hitch-hiker with baggage has as little chance for a free ride as a beggar has for feasting with a king. Something like a convenient handbag that will add to his Chesterfieldian appearance will pass well enough, but a suit-case, oh, horrors! a bundle, gorsh! people who find themselves stranded with such encumbrances have but one way of getting on, and that is on the calouses of their heels and the balls of their feet. But a nimble, care-free attitude is always commendable. With no other luggage than good cheer and a pleasing presence, the hitch-hiker may very well take a steep bet on success. As he stands at the side of the highway, ready to hail an approaching car, he must not forget to put on an "Al Jolson" smile and indicate the direction he desires to take by a deft movement of the hand. Thumbing must be avoided and especially running aside of the car as if attempting to jump on. Only inexperienced youngsters will show uncouth manners of this kind. There is no art in such conduct, and results are always fatal. But that nonchalant perky appearance decorated with a smile will automatically force the foot of the driver down on the brake lever, and will even bring an apology for not stopping sooner.

As already mentioned, the hitch-hiker, upon entering the car must know how to talk, for it is not only his purpose to get into the car, but to get to the destination he has set for himself. Hence after unburdening himself of a few commonplace expletives, he must proceed judiciously with statements and questions in order to discover the personal interests of his driving host. Once he has tapped the right key for an emotional response on the part of



his benefactor, he may well settle down at ease in his seat and give himself over to the pleasure of listening. Should the conversation flag, he must know how to set the breeze going again. Bashful the hitch-hiker dare never be. Nobody has ever reached his aim in life by being bashful. Only if the driver should happen to be possessed of a superiority-complex, then the free-rider will work to his own advantage by pushing this superior stuff a notch or two higher. But in carrying out this feat he must be serious and not stoop to flattery. He must at all times show good common sense, as that is the best rule.

It would mean to violate every demand of hitch-hiking art to tell the driver who has been importuned for a lift, all at once and with brusque abruptness how far one desires the gratuitous lift to extend. This kind of approach might produce an uncomfortable situation. To show a little indecision concerning the distance one has in mind, and to do a little stammering accompanied by numerous apologies when actually naming the distance is the height of psychology and the supreme test of one's knowledge of hitch-hiking. It may all happen, and does so happen that even a "crab" in a touring machine is here and there overcome by a stroke of kindliness at the sight of a perfect hitch-hiker. In the generous impulse that masters him for the moment, he may decide to extend a lift to a "road-crawler," and if he were to be told very impertinently that the lift is to be worth while, all his smudgy disposition may work itself to the surface with very humiliating results for the free-rider. If on the other hand the hitch-hiker should be fortunate enough to pair himself off with a real "road-hog," he need entertain no fears to mention even great distances, because a driv-

er of this sort finds all this world too small for his wanderings. A little encouragement will make him ready to go a hundred miles out of his way. Even the reckless speeder might kowtow to the siren-like smile and appearance of the artful hitch-hiker, but in this case the free-ride may have its dangers. No word may be said about the fashion of driving, however, but some sly way of talking about accidents may be trumped up, together with a few apt quotations from Shakespeare relating to the frailty of human life. Such quotations are always a knock-out blow for recklessness and will likely bring the most scatterbrained fellow to his senses. Hence, know your man, hitch-hiker, belongs to your art.

When taking leave from his newly made friend, the free-rider must be profuse with thanks, but he must not be stupid enough to say anything about doing a good turn by way of thanks, for that would be foolish and naturally is not expected. Thanks and smiles make up payment in full, no matter how great the distance over which one has done hitching. Why it is even rumored that a famous hitch-hiker induced a tourist to deviate from his course for the distance of sixty miles just to accommodate this fellow in thanks for the entertainment that had come from cheerful talk and pleasant conduct. Similar tales could be told by every hitch-hiker who knows his business or rather understands the art of his profession, for such occurrences are not even rare at the present day. All the free-rider needs to do is make a hit with his host. If he will do as much, he will not only have lots of fun and gain manifold experiences, but he will always be sure to reach his destination and, that too, more quickly than by train, and will save money besides.

# The Crucified King

Joseph Wittkofski

---

Man of glory!

What wretch has beat  
Your sacred form,  
Divinely sweet—

'Twas I, oh Lord, but pity take  
Upon your child, for mercy's sake.

Lord almighty!

What wretch has crowned  
Your sacred brow  
With thorns around—

'Twas I, oh Lord, but pity take  
Upon your child, for mercy's sake.

Prince of heaven!

What wretch has nailed  
You on the cross,  
As foes assailed—

'Twas I, oh Lord, but pity take  
Upon your child, for mercy's sake.

Crucified King!

Who's thirsting call  
Did ask for love:

Who gave sour gall—?  
'Twas I, oh Lord, but pity take  
Upon your child, for mercy's sake.



# HE MUST BE MORE THAN MAN

A play in one act

Joseph Wittkofski

---

## CHARACTERS

ZARAH ----- A Jewish Peddler

Roman Soldiers

SYRIUS, MUNUCIUS, AMAELIUS, TERRENTIUS,  
CORNELIUS, GAULUS

## Scene I

(Time: Before dawn, on the first day of the week.)

Scene: Just inside of one of the outer gates of Jerusalem, where some Roman soldiers are stealthily lying in watch, waiting for the first peddlers to make their way into the city.)

SYRIUS:

Stir not, I think, I see a peddler now.

Within the shades of those deserted ways.

MUNUCIUS:

You're right.

SYRIUS:

I see his donkey barely moves

With that great load it bears, and all is wine,

For note the jars are bound securely tight.

But hark, the Jew has seen—

MUNUCIUS:

He turns away.

I think we ought pursue and take his wine,

Unless our comrades hear about our play.

SYRIUS:

We must not chase, for 'twould arouse the dogs

And beggars who are sleeping in the streets.

MUNUCIUS:

You spoke the truth, for soon it will be dawn.

SYRIUS:

We shall remain and wait another Jew—

Behold, I hear a tramping now.

MUNUCIUS:

It is—

A Jew and camel slowly make their way.

SYRIUS:

He sees us not.

MUNUCIUS:

Shall we attack him now?

SYRIUS:

A moment.

MUNUCIUS:

I can hardly wait the taste

Of that good wine.

SYRIUS:

Withdraw your sword and come.

(Both men come from hiding and exclaim:)

Halt Jew, we say in Rome's most mighty name.

We wish some food, perhaps, you'll give us some,

Or we may take what we so much desire.

ZARAH:

(An aged Jew)

But sirs, 'tis all I have to earn my life.

SYRIUS:

Who cares for you; give us some bread and wine,

Or we shall take what quantity we wish.

ZARAH:

(trembling)

But lords, I pray do spare an aged man,

If not for me, do it for your sires' sake;

My head is gray, my limbs are growing weak,

I hunger as I go about these streets,

But always have I paid my tax to Rome.

SYRIUS:

Give us your bread; we do not ask for tax;

We want your bread.

MUNUCIUS:

Your drink and bread, old Jew!

ZARAH:

Have pity on my aged locks!

SYRIUS:

No more!

We want your store, and we shall take your store,  
Now come, Munucius, and take his food,  
I'll hold this whining Hebrew with my sword.  
(Munucius takes the jugs and loaves while Syrius  
is engaged in a scuffle with the Hebrew, who is  
violently remonstrating.)

MUNUCIUS:

I think that I have all that we can use;  
Six bottles ought to make us all dead drunk;  
Six loaves ought be enough for twenty men;  
Two jugs, four loaves we'll leave the howling Jew  
To buy his cabbage and to pay his tax.  
(The soldiers retreat.)

SYRIUS:

Farewell, dear Jew!

ZARAH:

(after a pause)

Be cursed, harsh Roman dogs,  
Who rob our land and steal our ancient rights;  
E'er since they killed that wily Nazarene,  
They have become more bold; had that Jesus  
A leader been, to fight and save our land,  
We might have heard His words. But no, He was  
A healer kind, who loved those sick with sin—  
Bah, cursed be His and Him, both false to us;  
Bah, cursed be Romans all and Nazarenes.

(CURTAIN)

---

## Scene II

(Time: The dawn has just begun to break in the heavens.)



Scene: Immediately in front of a newly carved tomb, in which has been placed the body of Jesus. Munucius and Syrius have returned here with their loot. There are four other soldiers about the tomb, who are talking and laughing about the events which have lately occurred. Immediately several of the soldiers begin to open the jugs.)

CORNELIUS:

What ho! you have not wine but olive oil.  
I guess that you were fooled, and very much;  
And so am I.

TERRENTIUS:

I thought they would bring wine;  
At least they said; we wished to quench our thirst  
But not with oil—

MUNUCIUS:

The oil will moist the bread.  
You should have seen the face of that old Jew  
When we laid hold of him, and took his bread;  
His furious eyes appeared as those of lions.  
He cursed and swore as would a demon crazed.

TERRENTIUS:

Ha, ha, 'tis good you treat the Jews like this;  
They seem to lose all their respect for us,  
But we must make them feel our iron fists.

SYRIUS:

That is the truth, the Jews ought know their lords.

MUNUCIUS:

Everyone they see, they call a lord,  
But now, we watch the tomb of their great king,  
And while we watch, we eat their choicest bread;  
Ha, ha!

AMAEILIUS:

Does not dear Gaulus wish to eat?  
This bread is fresh, I must agree to that.

TERRENTIUS:

Come Gaulus, eat and be refreshed again.

Much time has passed since we have come on guard.

GAULUS:

I do not wish to eat the stolen bread;

My vow would not permit, although I wished;

While years have passed, I kept my promise true.

CORNELIUS:

To some frail Gallic lass, I may presume.

SYRIUS:

And Gaulus comes afar from distant Gaul—

'Tis strange to think that we together live,

Who come from opposite extremes of earth.

GAULUS:

Ah yes, 'tis strange to think of my old home,

Which stands upon an Alpine mountain side;

I still can see my father with his bees,

While mother plucks the grapes that grow nearby—

And more, I see amidst the woodland shade

The fairest maid on which the day has shown.

SYRIUS:

Our lives are strange, our fates are queer to us;

We ought enjoy the little while we live,

For what are honor, truth, or foolish gods?

They are but things to soothe the ills of life;

And we know that.

MUNUCIUS:

Quite right, good Syrius.

TERRENTIUS:

We ought to drink and spend our lives for joy,

For like this Nazarene, we too shall die.

AMAELIUS:

Come Gaulus eat, for soon the sun will rise

And we shall be relieved.

CORNELIUS:

Sure, Gaulus, eat.

GAULUS:

I must refuse, but you who like should eat,  
Perhaps you ought to do as do the Greeks—  
I hear that they allow their bread to stale,  
Not just because they like their bread unfresh,  
But they'll not eat so much.

CORNELIUS:

A merry jest.

TERRENTIUS:

Ha, ha, if one reflects, he sees the jest,  
It makes me think of those barbarians,  
Who live beyond the northern bounds of Greece.  
I oft recall their strange conduct at prayer;  
As soon as thunder roars out in the sky,  
They fall to earth, before the voice of Thor.

AMAELIUS:

The Syrians adore no better god,  
They have a merciless inhuman Baal,  
To whom they bow in prayer.

SYRIUS:

Don't speak, good friend,  
We are far more advanced than many lands;  
Take Gaul, that nation prays to rocks and trees.

GAULUS:

'Tis true, we each adore our nation's gods,  
But Rome, for sake of peace, adores them all.

TERRENTIUS:

It seems that man will soon forget the gods,  
And that our father's notions will be lost;  
We moderns cannot trouble with those things.

AMAELIUS:

Quite true, the world will soon neglect all gods;  
We are an agnostic generation.

GAULUS:

They say this Jew has taught that he was God.

MUNUCIUS:

But he is dead.



GAULUS:

He claims that He will rise,  
And if He does, He must be more than man,  
For many wonders he has wrought on earth.

SYRIUS:

But He will never rise, of that we know;  
He planned to have his friends remove his corpse,  
And tell to all that He returned from death;  
Some more of crafty Jewish trickery.

CORNELIUS:

The Jews know naught but fraud.

GAULUS:

Give heed, I hear  
The strains of music grand from this dull cave.

MUNUCIUS:

I hear no sound.

AMAELIUS:

If you partook of wine,  
I would be forced to say that you were drunk.

GAULUS:

I'm sure, I hear soft notes of music sweet.

SYRIUS:

'Tis but a chirping cricket's morning song.

GAULUS:

Not so.

TERRENTIUS:

'Twould seem you start to call this Jew  
A god.

GAULUS:

Perhaps He is a god?  
(Suddenly the earth starts to quake and a great  
rumbling is heard from afar.)

MUNUCIUS:

(terrified)

What's this;  
The rising sun has brought another quake.

Its very rumble seems to jolt the ground,  
Until my weakened legs would seem to shake;  
Behold I cannot look; some wondrous light  
Has almost made me blind; a being strange  
I see, who tries to roll away the stone—  
Let's stop him men, be brave—can you not rise;  
But heed, the Nazarene is coming forth—  
A God;

(After a long pause the trembling soldiers who have fallen to the ground, become bold enough to look up to the tomb. They see nothing but the empty sepulchre, with the huge stone rolled back. Immediately they arise and depart into the city, shouting;)

SOLDIERS:

He is risen! He is risen!

FINIS



## THE CHINK'S WEAPONS

William McKune

---

Once before, during my first month in China, I had wronged Chung-lo, but now we were firm friends. Although a staunch pagan, he had assured me vociferously in poignant English that he had fully forgiven me. From that time on I had trusted him. Despite all his solemnity, despite all his reserve which I knew I could never penetrate, despite all the hidden cunning and serpentine subtlety inherent to many Chinese, I trusted him. On this night, after months of contact in business, he had invited me, an American, to his home.

The Chink had led me into his cellar in order to show me some old relics of his ancestors, and somehow we remained there, American fashion, and talked leisurely of our business relations. We were seated at opposite ends of a small, square table. The room was low, dark, and vaulted, weirdly furnished with wine kegs, old bits of pottery, and antique relics of idols and images. It seemed to breathe of ancient secrecies, and as its walls approached and retreated, loomed and faded in the flickering yellow light of the lamp on the table, I felt as if I were sunk in the weird atmosphere of another world. An Oriental stillness and hush caused every sound to startle me, for my friend, except when he talked which heretofore had been at intervals in Chinese fashion, was noiseless as a spectre.

Across the little table at which I sat Chung-lo slowly poured into goblets a stream of red fluid. He gave me my glass without a word and raised his own aloft. I looked at Chung-lo over the rim of my glass and thought that I surprised a peculiar expression



of interest on his face. He smiled—something that actually baffled me. Involuntarily I hesitated, my native caution in respect to liquor rising in me. That yellow visage with slanting eyebrows changing in the flickering, smoky light of the lamp somehow disconcerted me.

“Drink,” said Chung-lo affably.

I aroused myself.

“To you,” I said with a tailor-made smile.

I emptied the tiny glass at a draught in imitation of my host, and admitted that it was wine as good as any I had drunk in America since prohibition began, and that was admitting a great deal.

“Yes,” said the Oriental in that deep voice of his, “It is excellent. It has been in this cellar for three generations.”

“Indeed?” I gasped, “How did you manage to keep it so long?”

“Before my time it was never used except in the worship of Buddha or at the death of an enemy. But now I have little left. Will my American friend have more?”

Again he filled my glass and his. I gazed at the flaming fluid with wonderment and a certain awe. Again I drank and experienced a warming sensation which, however, quickly disappeared. Somehow I began to breathe faster and was on the point of asking for more as any good American would have done, when again I noticed a peculiar expression on Chung-lo's face. He was leaning towards me across the table, while his yellow, squinting eyes gleamed against the light of the lamp. I could tell—I knew, although the Asiatic calm, as deep as the China sea, remained unperturbed, that Chung-lo was interested in something. But, during a long tedious pause he said nothing; only looked at me and meditated.

My surroundings (or the liquor) were slowly having a definite effect upon me. The glow of that Oriental lamp, forming a sickly sulphurous hue upon the walls that reminded me of something relative to suffocation, was burning my eyes. The deep shadows in the corners of the room seemed jetty pools of darkness that ever fled from the beams of the lamp. I began to feel as though I were witnessing one of the "Murder Cases" back home at the Strand. Unconsciously I shifted in my chair and approached nearer to the end of the table. I grew sensibly nervous. Right there before me was that yellow mask of an Oriental face passively, unemotionally glaring at me.

At last, Chung-lo began to speak; and I was constrained to listen. The words came softly, solemnly, monotonously, without any trace of feeling of animation, yet they gripped me, such as no Sherlock Holmes story ever did.

"My friend,"—that was his usual form of address to me—"you are an American. You think your race superior to ours. You are more intelligent, more clever—more cunning."

I wanted to assure him that he was mistaken, especially as to the last quality, but something in the gravity of his demeanor clamped a seal on my lips. He continued.

"My friend, you are not the first American I have known. Ah, no. Others before you have been in this very room as my—guests. Long ago I began to deal with them, and unknowingly, they were Buddha's favorites with me. Ah! There were many at that time; they were all intelligent, shrewd. They made friends with me willingly, believing that I had money. They thought me to be a Chinese fool just as you once thought. And so they dealt with me.

At first they were generous, and I was their friend. They played with me, and for a while I was the fool they thought me to be. Then they began to bleed me—ha—they began to take my little money; in your language, they swindled me, and that, too, in a manner known to you, my American friend.”

I started violently at those last words, and my heart began to travel. The wrong that I had done to Chung-lo had been an act of swindle. I gazed at him with fear mounting to the roots of my hair. In my increasing anxiety, I began to search for the hidden undercurrent in those stony, lifeless words and that refined, sophisticated language. I had trusted him—I began to wonder—but I could say nothing. Chung-lo’s lips moved as slowly as ever, each word striking my ears in race with my pulse beats. Shades of Connie Mack! I was wishing that I were back in San Francisco.

“Yes, my friend—my dear friend—I was a fool; but not for long. I feigned ignorance always; but I was shrewd. They played with me, like a cat with a mouse, and while they played, their quarry escaped. When I discovered the evil intentions beneath their face of friendship, I determined upon revenge. It was then that I began to search for suitable weapons. Buddha be praised! I acquired them from the Americans themselves. In my stupidity I became accomplished in their use. At length I revenged myself to satisfaction. Ha, my friend, do you listen to me? I revenged myself to satisfaction.”

For the first time during his story Chung-lo’s voice had become momentarily animated. Was I listening? Ye gods! The noise of the subway at home was a zephyr compared to the sound of his voice in my ears. That steady sepulchral monotone had begun to knife its way into my very being. Ev-



ery word Chung-lo said was spoken directly to my face. He was addressing me—me. What did he mean? Why was he telling me of revenge? I was becoming thoroughly unnerved. I thought of the wine—no, it wasn't the wine. It was Chung-lo and that terrible vault in which I was locked. More than ever the sulphurous atmosphere tried to choke me.

I had trusted Chung-lo. I believed he had forgiven me. But he glared at me from those yellow eyes of his and spoke of swindle—SWINDLE and REVENGE. My mind began to throb with all the stories of Chinese cunning and treachery that I had heard but never believed. My imagination began to paint and color vivid, fearful pictures. No, it wasn't the wine! It was Chung-lo, Chung-lo. He had not forgiven me—he had not forgotten—he had pretended friendship all this time—he had lured me into his home—into his cellar and now he tortured me with a tale of revenge for the wrong of which I, too, had been guilty. I had begun to perspire—I had reached the edge of my chair—I gripped the table with both hands. And yet, under the spell of those glittering, Asiatic eyes, I could say nothing, do nothing, only sit and listen while my temples throbbed as if they would burst. Again Chung-lo's voice rolled in that subterranean monotone, each word seeming to stab with hidden meaning.

"Ah, my friend, I see you are interested. Perhaps you are enjoying my recitation. I shall continue.

"Your brilliant countrymen, they thought I was ruined, my business bankrupt, my finances exhausted. I simulated innocence, and grew more skillful with my weapons. Finally, I invited them to my home. They came. They drank my wine. They laughed

and talked and praised me as they would a friend. Ay! I played the serpent. They told me they liked my wine; they drank more. I smiled upon them—and waited. I soon had them under my power, I, the Asiatic imbecile, and those innocent, generous, double-dealing thieves suspected nothing. Finally I could wait no longer. The dikes that stemmed the turbulent waters of my injured soul burst at last. Slowly, I began to speak to them; I told them how they had wronged me, and how I had remembered. Suddenly I asserted that I would have revenge. They sat spellbound—just as you are sitting now.”

Chung-lo's face was gleaming as it stretched towards mine. His eyes, as much as I could see of them were dancing, dancing. But that Oriental gravity, that diabolical steadiness;—how the lamp played upon his features! The devil himself could not have frightened me more. My feelings were wavering on the brink of swooning. Why, oh why had I drunk that wine! But it couldn't have been the wine; it was Chung-lo, and he held me in the grip of his demoniac power. I felt myself doomed, not even Conan Doyle could have helped me.

“They were immovable as I glared upon them. And slowly, I produced my weapons—ha—the weapons they themselves had taught me how to use. Then I challenged them all; I defied them all. Ah—my revenge was complete. Those mighty Americans are gone, all of them. And I, the Oriental innocent, whom they tried to eliminate, I alone am left, and I am rich—rich in American money. I overcame them all.”

Each moment I had grown more horror-stricken and terrified. Now I felt the end was near. Yes, Chung-lo's torturing story was finished. He began to talk to me. Great Jove! My heart was beating



like a bass drum in a band. Slowly Chung-lo intoned:

"So, my friend, you listen without saying a word. You are pleased with the ruin of your fellow Americans. You do not believe the Chinese are fools, now. No, no, you are my friend, my true friend. Ah, and now I shall show you my weapons and you shall see how wise I am. Ha, ha, my avenging weapons. I'll show them to you."

Slowly Chung-lo rose from his seat. I could see now that he was laughing, laughing, and I had never seen him laugh before. Show me his weapons! Heavens above, I was on the rack. I despaired; I was doomed. Hoover! Roosevelt! Lindbergh! I was doomed!

Slowly as ever, Chung-lo arose and walked to the side of our table. He was between me and the door by which we had entered. He was preventing my escape. He watched me always. Very deliberately he took from a drawer in the table a tiny box open at one end. Instantly I thought of Asiatic poisoning. His weapons! My hand moved to my throat. He approached me, but not too close. Deep down in his huge chest, he laughed. Solemnly, he rattled the little box. I was ready to leap from my seat in a last desperate effort to escape. Chung-lo paused. His twitching features whispered, "My weapons!"

Then in a gesture that I thought was meant to blow me into eternity, his right hand, holding the case, drew back and then shot towards the table. Something leaped from the box, rolled irregularly, then stopped. I was taking a last breath, a deep one.

"Look, my friend," Chung-lo's voice sounded among my heartbeats, "My weapons."



I had sunk back in my chair. It was my firm conviction then that not even Frank Merriwell himself could have acquired enough momentary courage to look upon that table, but somehow, I did. For an instant I could have sworn I was awaking from a dream. I stared long and hard at the objects before me. I almost rubbed blisters on my eyelids. Slowly, comprehension came. I leaned back in my chair, and began to laugh, hysterically perhaps at first, then freely and mirthfully. Tears began to tickle my cheek bones. Finally, when my lungs were almost exhausted, I turned to the astonished Chung-lo and shouted: "Come on, you Oriental ogre, I'll shoot you the Statue of Liberty!"

His weapons—a genuine pair of American dice.



## Acrostic

Sylvester Kleman

---

B-enign is great Winter in all his fair schemes  
E-nticing the children to join hands in play;  
A-lluring the artists to hoarding his scenes  
U-nequalled by others in mirthful relay.  
T-ransmitting e'en cheer to one who objects,  
Y-et Winter ungratefulness always expects.

O-f snow, sleet, and ice fields, he makes a display  
F-or those who are hearty and set cold at bay

W-hile bright silvered hills and smooth spotless dales,  
I-nwreathed with pearls and gay sparkling gems  
N-ote in their white robes the themes and the tales  
T-ranscribed by great Winter's own keen stratagem.  
E-nchanting and charming is a bright Winter's day  
R-egard it with joy and ask God that it stay.

## The Sundial

Robert Nieset

---

Upon a great cliff in the Andes appears  
A quaint Inca village, now ruined and old,  
Yet 'mid the stern ruins, a sundial rears  
Its face all unwearied by years nigh untold.  
'Tis only bright hours, well sunlit by day  
It counts, but not vigils that fall in the night;  
For hours made dreary by want of fair light,  
Must pass unrecorded, unheeded away.

E'en as this sundial, should be my heart  
Responding to only the sweet hours of life,  
Quite lovingly keeping them well set apart  
As sacred to memory when times call for strife;  
For then they may serve as some bright  
    flame of hope  
To light me, when lonely o'er dark ways I grope.



## AN AUDIENCE WITH A KING

Gilbert Wirtz

---

What with being tied down so close to my work, and not being able to understand a foreign language when spoken rapidly, or even when spoken slowly if I mean to be perfectly truthful in this matter, I seldom have occasion to hear a real king speak. Kings are all foreigners, as everybody in the U. S. knows, so when a chance is graciously given to hear one of these celebrities unload his potent ideas, and when it so happens that these ideas are couched in the familiar English, even if it have a broad John Bull blare to it, the incident is a sheer thrill, and it is just such a thrill that I am always hoping to get. What a thrill would it not be to see a king! I have often seen kings on the stage, but they were all sham as was sufficiently evident from the fact that their regal apparel smelled of mothballs. What I want to see is a king surrounded by a halo of power; one that smells of importance, at the twirl of whose scepter a kingdom is set to tiptoeing and cannons are set to roaring. Sadly enough, I have no hopes to see such a king, but I might hear something like a king speak over the radio. That is what happened, though rarely, yet when the first chance came along, I really burned with excitement.

A favorite newspaper in my locality brought the startling announcement quite suddenly that a great king, the King of England, was to deliver a speech at the Naval Conference and that the speech would be broadcast. I at once resolved to hear that speech even if it should be necessary to remain awake all night. I had heard "Carols" sung in Germany over the radio on Christmas Day. Though I did

not understand much of what was said in that song, yet I got a great kick out of hearing a voice coming from a foreign land. Now that a king was to speak, I expected the kick to turn into a thrill, for the matter was to be of great moment, as the King of England was to address all the nations of the world. Consequently I made plans to have my ears perked at just the right time and give George V a big hand.

"You will never stay up or get up in order to be in time for that royal speech," said my sister, Adella, rather unpleasantly.

"At what hour will that speech come roaring in," I asked.

"Well," she replied, "the King goes on at eleven a. m. in London. This means six o'clock in New York, five in Chicago, four in Denver, and where you——"

"Stop right there," I blurted, "you are just trying to frighten me. I used to get up at four o'clock in the morning for no other reason than to hurry down to the railroad yards to see a circus train unload. I surmise that the King of England is more important than a mere circus."

"Not much," Adella insisted, "but let that pass, if you really think that you want to try it, why, I shall set the alarm."

To go to bed earlier just because an occasion for early rising chanced to come along could not possibly enter my mind. The time that should have been spent in sleeping went into reading an article on "Fish and Prunes" as constituting a good diet. Of course I was restless. When the clock struck eleven, I prepared to hit the hay. But there was one other matter that called pleasantly for attention. I felt that my supper on that evening had been light, too light. Instead of going to bed, I went to the

icebox. I decided that a round of salad, a few veal sandwiches with a bottle of Edelweiss could do no harm. As I was "falling too" most greedily my sister came to talk about going to bed. Curtly I asked her to sit down and eat, or to let me alone.

"I wanted to make sure as to where you were sleeping, for I find that the bed in your room is empty." She let on as if this were all she wanted to say.

But I knew very well what she wanted. She was as anxious to hear the King speak as I was, only she did not want to make a fool of herself as just a few hours ago she had been kidding me for being puerile enough to become excited about something that could hardly be called an extent. Gradually she fell to eating and showed delight in talking exactly about that event. I ventured to say how much more pleased we should surely be with the expected thrill if only television were at our disposal, for certainly, then the King would stand before the "Mike" in all his royal regalia. He would wear that gorgeous crown decorated with more than five thousand gems of all the most expensive kind and would likely shake that royal scepter surmounted by a diamond weighing five hundred and fifteen carats, known as the Star of Africa. What with his great golden chain of state, his royal bracelets and spurs, he could not fail to make an awe-inspiring appearance. Discoursing on these matters made us forget about going to bed until after twelve o'clock.

When I have anything on my mind upon going to bed, I usually experience an uneasy feeling about the time I am supposed to get up. Ordinarily I do not act upon this feeling, even if it does persist. On this occasion it persisted, and I awoke very shortly after I had gone to sleep, at least so it seemed.



Drowsily I turned to look at the hands of a Big Ben self-luminous. Was I dreaming? I jumped to the floor to make sure that I was not. There, there, the clock showed fifteen minutes past the time at which the speech of the King was scheduled. Of course my sister had forgotten to set the alarm. I might have known that she would forget. Never in her life did she trouble about being on time for anything unless it happened to be a movie. In my bathrobe I rushed downstairs and snapped on the radio. Somebody was making a speech, there could be no doubt about that. Probably I had missed the first words of his majesty, but thank heaven I was not too late. How deeply grateful I felt that science had conquered space and had brought the voice of a King from foreign lands to my ear! There I stood, the beneficiary of that mighty force, ready to receive the thrill of my life. The King's voice was coming through gloriously, so much so, that I sank into a chair, overcome by the immensity of it all. Presently I noticed someone standing by my side. Of course it was my sister, Adella.

"What is he saying?" she inquired rather anxiously.

At this question I bestirred myself to listen more intently. That it was difficult to make out what was being said, I had to admit, but there he was talking for sure and that in a most impressive tone, too. But in spite of listening with all my might, the words seemed rather garbled, yet this was due, as I hurriedly explained, to the fact that the King was using the King's English, and it would naturally take a little while for an American to get used to it.

"Perhaps you haven't got the right station?" Adella suggested.

Hurriedly I consulted the paper, only to find

that the dials on the radio were set correctly. Of course it was the King, there could be no doubt about that at all. The manner of the supreme diplomat was evident in his noble voice, even if the meaning of his regal words seemed a little foggy. My sister and I settled down to earnest and respectful silence while we listened hard enough to make our eardrums pop.

"Hung clurg shang melke wei ha wei moyligle luglasung he swang."

"Powerful, powerful language," I observed.

"We must be wrong," my sister insisted. "Maybe we're not fully awake as yet, it's pretty early, you know."

"Fully awake! Where did you get that idea? Why I am so fully awake that if we had television, I would see all the way to London and behold his mighty majesty, George V. How could I be so unmannerly as to sleep when a mighty King is speaking to me?"

In these words I remonstrated at the words of my sister, yet I instinctively grabbed for the paper to give the radio directions another look. Yes, I looked again and again. I could not believe my eyes; I simply would not believe them, but there it was in type clear and cold enough to freeze me, "King George will open the conference at eleven o'clock, followed by a speech by the delegate from Japan." Hu, Hu! Powerful English!

"Japan, Japan!" shouted Adella, "its the Japanese delegate."

Such a sodden feeling as came over me at this revelation, can only be described by a fellow who has taken the wrong medicine. "Clug schwang schmullick shang" continued to come over the air, but it no longer suggested powerful English to me, rather

it sounded like the raving of one who was hurriedly gulping a mouthful of boiling coffee.

"Were you ever fooled?" queried Adella.

I did not reply; I was tongue-tied. After all my worry and preparation, I had not heard a King speak.





## MIDNIGHT

Charles Robbins

---

The moon rides gently 'mong the clouds  
And hurls its cold beams through the sky,  
While fairies dance in countless crowds  
Intent alone to foil the eye  
Of any who on them would spy  
To see them draped in gorg'ous silvern shrouds.

On earth, all cheerful sounds are hushed  
Of which by day there was no dearth;  
Yet now it seems that life is crushed,  
And things are all devoid of mirth;  
E'en joys appear to have no worth,  
Unless they find themselves by light o'er-flushed.

'Twould seem that midnight marks a pause  
In what is known as march of time,  
Though man may never guage this cause  
That seeming urges him to climb  
Into the fens and bogs of crime,  
Though Nature menace him with direst laws.

This is the haunted hour of night,  
When all unwelcomed to the ear  
Is every noise however slight,  
For sure 'twill bring a cause for fear  
And throw man's mind quite out of gear  
To see chimeras writhe in quaking fright.

## EVER SO LONELY

Edward Fischer

---

Sand, sand, and only sand. For several days Gomez had staggered through an endless desert. He was lost. He hated to admit the fact, but deep down in the secret recesses of his thoughts the fact called for recognition. Lost? That word frightened him. Fight against the idea as much as he might; yet it was true. He was lost and that, too, in an endless sandy waste. Hopelessly he looked out over that vast sea of sand with bulging bloodshot eyes.

"Heavens, but this is lonely!" he exclaimed, but there was no one to hear him outside of the deaf, endlessly rolling waves of sand. Thirst parched his lips and made them swell to twice their size; his body was one large, aching, raw blister. A house with green fields! Yes, what a welcomed sight to his sore eyes. With a cry of joy he urged his feet, now heavy as lead, onward over the yielding sand, only to drop back in blackest disappointment after a weary effort for half an hour. Just another illusion, a mirage, such as had awakened his hopes repeatedly, only to leave him crushed in spirit and increasingly lonely. Above him in the skies there was his only companion, albeit an unmerciful one, the burning sun that beat down upon him with strokes of heat like a fiery enemy. How lonely; just he and the ruthless sun!

A flapping of wings! No, he was no longer alone. Eagerly he scanned the skies. His brains reeled, his heart sank at what he saw. A vulture circling over his head indicated only too clearly what was to be expected. That vulture was just waiting—waiting.

"Heavens, isn't this lonely!" The thought would

give no rest to his mind. Looking up at the sun for a hundredth time, Gomez now thought that it appeared more friendly; it seemed to spare him; its heat no longer beat down upon him so strongly. Even hunger had left him, and the pangs of thirst diminished. Tired, only tired! He wanted to lie down. There was no use in walking on; his tiredness made rest seem more sweet than ever before. No, he would not lie down; he fought hard against this inclination, for he knew that, should sleep overcome him, all would be over, and yonder hovered that vulture. To elude that evil omen, he must move onward; he still had hopes.

"Yet, what is the use?" he questioned himself. "It is so lonely, so lonely," he murmured. His legs gave way; he sank into the soft sand. Ah, how restful it seemed. The brown sand dunes about him turned into playful images. Even when looking at the vulture, Gomez smiled. He would give his eyes a little rest; he closed them. The vulture circled lower and lower. On the corpse, it finally rested.

Gomez was no longer lonely.





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# The Editor's Chair



## THE FEAST OF THE RESURRECTION.

When clearly understood, the associations and symbols connected with the important festive days of the Church reveal an interest such as no other occasions can command. If this be a fact worth considering in relation to Christian holydays in general, then it surely is such with particular regard to the great feast of Easter. Hence it is that peoples throughout the Christian world celebrate the day commemorative of Christ's resurrection from the dead with impressive and significant ceremonies.

The Feast of the Resurrection or as we know it by the English name, Easter, like other Christian festivals, is not confined to Divine services only but it has also secular amusements attached to it that find expression in the use of Easter eggs and the Easter bunny. But even these things, significant in pagan times of life and resurrection, have in themselves associations appropriate to Easter. Was it not Venerable Bede, that early Anglo-Saxon scholar in England, who tells us that the embryo of the egg signifies the renewal of life? Though the symbol of the egg is rather too realistic and ordinary in kind to be beautiful, yet it is expressive of ideas beyond the mere fact that Easter eggs are good to eat. How the Easter egg came to be associated with a rabbit instead of a hen has always been perplexing to those who love and use Easter eggs. But it so happened that in pagan times the rabbit was also



employed to signify continuity of life. Hence it is that both the egg and the rabbit have come to be associated with Easter inasmuch as they signify in the minds of people a rapid and unfailing rebirth to life.

As to the name, Easter, itself it is noteworthy that the Anglo-Saxons in pagan times worshipped a goddess by that name. For them Easter was the goddess of spring and as such typified the rebirth of Mother Earth and the rejuvenation of all things among both plants and animals. In consequence this name came to be used among the early Anglo-Saxon Christians to designate the Feast of the Resurrection of Christ. It is interesting to note how a meaningless, and at one time even superstitious name, was chosen by our Saxon forebears to signify the most astonishing event in all human history.

Even modern times have developed something symbolic of Easter. Prosaic as has always been the nature of modern times, the symbol that was developed naturally would not be anything lofty in character. But like the Easter egg, the symbol came to have its meaning as well as usefulness. Plainly this secular symbol consists in wearing new clothes, Easter Bonnets as they are called. Of course the extent to which this symbol will be expressive of Easter joys from a secular standpoint depends upon the degree of prosperity that people experience. May it be an index for growing prosperity when Easter is celebrated at the close of the present month.

The most valuable symbol of Easter among people, however, is true regeneration of spiritual life. The world at all times needed Christ, but it needs Him most sorely at present. May Easter, therefore, with all its symbols make people think soberly and intently upon the fact that spiritual life will always



be the road to happiness in all the affairs that concern man in this world.

W. J. C.

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## COURAGE, OUR HUMAN HERITAGE

---

Without doubt, courage is one of the greatest forces that make up the complicated strugglings of human beings. One might ask: what part does courage play in the life of man; what has it achieved in past times; where would the human race be without it today? If one will but look back through the pages of history, he will find there, emblazoned in heroic lines, the record of the many courageous deeds that have all gone to make up the legend of past generations. When viewed from any angle that legend tells a tale of continuous progress since the beginning of time.

In the gigantic drama of life, courage is the main asset of the "dramatis personae." In essence life has always been a continuous risk, for at every moment or hour of the day even life itself is in jeopardy. The many hazards of life are like invisible arrows that fly at noonday; like noiseless pestilences that waste in darkness. Never has man been able to dodge these risks of life. They are so much a part of his daily existence that he accepts them as coming from the hand of God, Who, without doubt, has intended that courage should be man's initial lesson in the world. Man has learnt this his primer lesson, for the record of history bears witness that he has always acted courageously no matter what confronted him. Life may have been an eternity of prodigious risks, but he, armed only with the lesson of courage learned in his early days, has al-

ways faced them with a characteristic look of defiance glaring from out of his eyes.

Then there is the question, "What has courage accomplished in past times?" Any answer to this query will bear tribute to the countless generations that have lived at one period or another on this earth. Those illustrious forefathers of modern man a hundred thousand years ago, gradually through courage, conquered all the animals of this earth from the gliding snake to the ponderous mammoth. They had no weapons but their hands; such feeble instruments when compared with the armed paws and claws of the savage beasts, or the hooped legs of the big animals. With those feeble hands, no claws making them dangerous, no powerful jaws and teeth to back them up, man, beginning life naked and unarmed, has won his battles, conquered the earth, made all the animals his servants or killed them off. How? By the exercise of courage alone.

Where would man be now were it not for courage? All modern civilization, in fact life itself, is based on the heroic courage of ancestral mankind. Those men of ancient days built little huts, the beginnings of modern homelife, and fought to protect them. They barricaded themselves in caves, and when it was necessary they went out to battle with the bear or tiger trying to roll away the protecting stones at the entrance of the cave. True, that was an early, rough kind of courage, but it was a courage upon which early civilization, villages, towns, and settled homes were built. Today one travels from one end of the continent to the other in warm protected cars, and looks out upon vast expanses of farmlands, mountains, and rivers. As he rides he forgets that every acre has been conquered by courage; that without courage man would still dwell in

caves and huts; that life would still be lived in the most primitive fashion. It is courage alone which has given moderns the comparative safety which they enjoy.

Courage, indeed, plays an important role in the tragedy of life. In past ages it has conquered all that crossed its path, and it will continue to do so in the future. Comparatively speaking, the man of today has the same obstacles to overcome as the man of yesterday. What is his weapon? The staff of courage. Of course this may not be the same rough kind of courage of the primitive man, but in essence it will still be genuine courage, thinking courage, a virtue that lifts man above the level of the mere brute, a virtue that is man's human heritage for all time to come.

L. J. E.



If the poetry that appears in the present-day collegiate publications can be taken as a criterion of the poetry forthcoming in the immediate future, one is justified in assuming that literature is about to enter upon a new period of romanticism. The versification, as advocated by Whitman, Sandberg, and others, is gradually losing favor. Although the American college student is often called "wild" and is said to despise any rule which will curb his individual freedom, he is breaking away from the absolute unrestraint of 'vers liber' and turning to the gentle rules of romanticism.



The Neo-Romanticism is the reassertion of imagination and sentiment, the spirit of chivalry, adventure, and preoccupation with the picturesque aspects of nature and the passionate in life, tempered with that same spirit which brought about the free verse of the early part of the twentieth century. "The Skyscraper" by Dorothy Close in the TRINITY COLLEGE RECORD, Trinity College, is adequately imbued with this spirit:

Some wonder, as they look at you on high  
And see your splendid coal grey strength of steel

\* \* \* \* \*

You know the cool soft touch of dawn that heal  
The heat and pain—that imprint of life's seal.

This new poetry seems to satisfy fully the cravings of the modern mind and soul. People are beginning to realize that real liberty consists, not in unrestricted freedom of will, but rather in the sympathetic application of rules.

Neo-Romanticism, although very similar to Old Romanticism, differs in as much as it does not contain so many loose, but nevertheless binding principles. The license of free verse is almost present in this new Romanticism. Mary Horrigan writes in the PELICAN, Nazareth College:

The Maker of Dreams when he met me one day,  
As usual, halted, and begged leave to stay;  
Most friendly, confidingly, a lovable chap,  
He smiled as he greeted me, doffing his hat.

There is a peculiarly refreshing touch found in this Neo-Romanticism which is present in neither Romanticism nor free verse.

Absolute simplification, that is simplification of thought, style, and mode of expression, is the keynote of this revolutionary poetry. Old Romanticism dealt with complicated topics lightened by illustra-

tions from nature, while new Romanticism deals with light topics intensified by illustrations from nature. Jack Leary in SHADOWS, Creighton University, offers:

The moon hangs high above the sea,  
Making a wide and golden track;  
The molten waves move restlessly;  
All sea and sky beyond are black.

Likewise Marion Magner exclaims in THE QUARTERLY, New Rochelle College, that

Not loudly with the burst of sun,  
But slowly with soft muted harmonies,  
The dawn steals through in pearl and rose,  
And hangs like blossoms on frosty trees.

Words are hardly able to express the impression which these excerpts create. The poems seem quite simple yet in their simplicity they are beautiful.

Though Neo-Romanticism is experiencing difficulties in breaking away from free verse, it is by degrees gathering impetus. A good example of this transition poetry comes from the STATIC, St. Mary's College.

You're all I'll need  
And all I'd ever want to own—  
And you walk in a world of peace,  
Serene, content—alone.

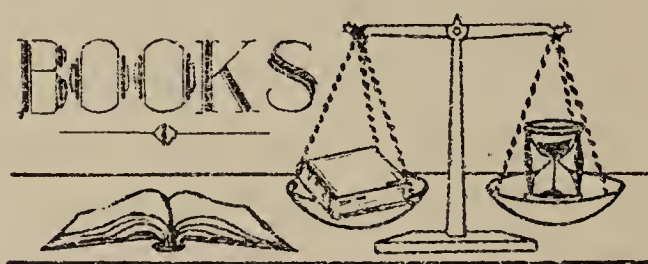
The only thing which the Neo-Romanticists will have to avoid is the opposite extreme of free verse—the disgusting artificiality of the classicist.

Although the Neo-Romanticism has hardly begun in college prose, still its influence can already be seen on current realism. In the recent issue of SHADOWS there are two stories, namely; "Sunrise," and "Engine Watch" which distinctly show leanings toward this tendency. "In the Noon of Night," a story which appeared in the February issue of



the CANISIUS MONTHLY, Canisius College, also displays evident inclination in this direction.

If the campus Neo-Romanticism of our changing age continues, it is bound to become one of the leading movements in modern literature. The future of American letters lies with the American college students, and it is up to them to decide the future of Neo-Romanticism.



**Tramping Through the Land of Il Duce**  
**AFOOT IN ITALY, by John Gibbons.**

For many years, as he tells us, Mr. Gibbons had dreamed of the Italy that lies beyond the Alps. These historic, snow-capped peaks, however, had always presented a distant and impregnable front until quite unexpectedly his Napoleonic yearnings were crystallized by the chance idea of a magazine editor. The editor's plan was to have Mr. Gibbons "get through the real Italy, and get through by road, or at worst, third class; and all this without a word of the language, or too much money, and there might, the editor had thought, be a story in it." That story is "Afoot in Italy."

In general the book is rather light reading matter, written in a rippling, vivacious style which smacks lightly of our own Robert Benchley. It is not a great book, nor is it a very impressionistic or lasting one; it is the type, however, which may prove interesting to practically all classes of readers, young and old. Apparently the author's chief concern is parallel to that of many modern biographers



and authors of books of travel who endeavor to disprove the popular fallacies in connection with famous persons and places. In this he succeeds admirably—from the very outset when he enters the “golden Italy of fiction” in a slashing hailstorm, until he is ushered from the country by the peerless efficiency of the “indolent, careless, happy-go-lucky Italians.” He tears away the veil of romance, art galleries, and cathedrals and reveals a thriving and mighty industrial nation with unlimited possibilities.

Mr. Gibbons’ graphic picture of the Fascist regime of Mussolini is, what one might call, the outstanding “feature” of the travelogue. From the moment he begins his unique tour, there are countless signs of the New Era. The rugged power in the countenance of Il Duce (to whom, by the way, the book is dedicated) greets him from a poster at the first station with its domineering and relentless mien, reminiscent of the pictures of the early conquerors who made Rome the mistress of the world. During his entire wanderings similar posters with that same penetrating, unescapable gaze, followed him. Everywhere there was evidence of flawless efficiency—previously referred to—mechanical perfection, rigorous and uncompromising enforcement of discipline. The lackadaisical Italian of romance, strumming a guitar, lolling in the sun, never putting off until tomorrow what he can put off to the day after tomorrow, might have existed at some earlier date, but if I understand Mr. Gibbons correctly, that was most certainly in a pre-Mussolini era.

Mr. Gibbons’ sight-seeing tendencies remind any reader of that friend of childhood, Mr. Fagg, to whom belongs the renown of “Around-the-World-in-Eighty-Days.” Quite conscientiously he ignored nearly all of Italy’s world-famous show places, such

as the common tourist invariably seeks out armed with guidebook and camera. Only in places where the life of the real Italy might be observed was he interested. During his entire sojourn he visited only one art gallery, and that against his will. Cathedrals, he visited several, but only to attend divine services—for he is a Catholic, though outwardly it would seem that he is not over-enthusiastic about his religion.

Like that acquired or affected by many of his English contemporaries, the author's viewpoint is quite continental. He professes the greatest scorn for everything English and, more especially, American, which he encountered during his tour, and fails to observe the least reticence in giving vent to his opinions.

Novel and unique facts fill his book. That the notorious European "pourboire" is strictly non-existent in Italy, strikes one most forcibly. Another observation, which might prove good material for Ripley, is that in some parts of the country it is cheaper to burn street lights all day than to pay a man to turn them off.

The perusal of "Afoot in Italy" will likewise throw much welcomed light on the almost universally misunderstood Italy of today, and will assist in acquiring a fairly correct estimate of the character of one of the world's famous men, Signor Benito Mussolini, Il Duce of Italy.

Alfred Horrigan.

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### The Tragic Explorer

LA SALLE, by L. V. Jacks.

The history of the French colonization in America has, since the days of Parkman, become a noteworthy study for our historians. Within the



last few years, Agnes Repplier has written two rich biographies of two great French pioneers: "Pere Marquette" and "Mere Marie of the Ursulines"; Dr. Schlarman recently wrote on the French in America in his "From Quebec to New Orleans"; then, to crown all, appeared that beautiful, peaceful novel of old Quebec, "Shadows on the Rock" by Willa Cather. Now Professor Jacks of Creighton University, after experimenting on the "new" historical method in "Xenophon, Soldier of Fortune," adds another colorful volume to the growing shelf of early French-American history.

His hero, Rene Robert Cavalier, the Sieur de la Salle, was born in the picturesque Norman town of Rouen, in 1643. Following in the footsteps of his elder brother, Jean, he determined to assume the habit of Loyola, and forthwith became a Jesuit novice. But LaSalle's astonishing resoluteness, his overwhelming confidence in himself, and particularly his jealousy of other people's authority rendered him unfit for obedience to a religious superior. The adventuresome spirit of his Norman ancestry held a strange predominance over him. It was this prevailing impulse for romance that made him a wanderer, not a pirate, but an enthusiastic explorer for that most ungrateful of kings, Louis XIV. For him the spell of the French-Canadian-forest wilds was irresistible. So it was that in 1688 LaSalle sailed for Montreal.

His life in America, as depicted by the author, was one continuous thrilling adventure-story; securing lasting friendships with the hostile Indians, building forts, and journeying through the virgin forests in the bitter cold of winter. His discovery of the source of the river which drained the land of



his dreams has rarely been told so gloriously as Mr. Jacks has recounted it.

Even from the beginning LaSalle met with many obstacles. Although he did receive the assistance of Louis, Le Grand Monarque, it did not prove very beneficial to him. For one Bellinzoni, an Italian, who was the director of French trade, and LaBarre, who was governor of the French provinces in America, conspired against him. His own men plotted against each other: their mutinous instinct could not be smothered, for they desired to return to France where they had tasted the voluptuousness of the Versailles Court. When LaSalle heard of the mutiny, he marched westward to still the uprising. Little did he realize that this was his end. For L'Archeveque, one of the conspirators, in a fit of rage fired two shots at him. Pierced through the brain, LaSalle dropped to the ground.

Thus ended the admirable career of Rene Robert Cavalier, and with his death the last glimmering spark of hope for permanent French colonization in America faded. Had the French been independent of their mother-country, as the English colonists were, they might have, with men of the Norman calibre of LaSalle, spread their conquests to the most western coast of America.

Joseph Allgeier.





“As the dew to the blossoms, the bud to the bee,  
As the scent to the rose, are those memories to me.”  
—Amelia B. Welby.

Memory, sweet memory, what a soothing tonic for an over-burdened mind! Memory—the personal cinema—records joy and sorrow on the screen of life and so accurately that in recalling the happiness of the past it is merely reproducing numerous idyls that occur on the stage of human existence. Though one may be oppressed and fatigued with the affairs of the world, still joy, derived from the memory of College days, cannot be effaced by sorrow or time. The Alumni of St. Joseph's College certainly have all reasons to entertain sweet memories, for the days spent at this school belong to the grandest days of one's life and thus ought not be allowed to slip from memory.

With the appearance of the February issue, numerous letters commenting as to its value were received. The die was tossed up in order to determine the lucky Alumnus from whose words a quotation might be taken—to insert all the notices received would fill volumes. The lot fell upon the Rev. George B. Saum, who wrote the following: “Congratulations! Your Washington number is splendid. I'm in the midst of a cover-to-cover pleasure. The make-up, the matter, all is delightful.” Indeed, such words are encouraging and will certainly aid immensely in making the coming issues similar to the Washington number in quality.

In the business world of today, many of the St.

Joe's Alumni are well represented either in performing some heroic feat or in some other way trying to push this world out of the slump of depression. Mr. William C. Murphy, Jr., who attended St. Joseph's from 1910-14, a native of Crawfordsville, Ind., is now living in Washington, D. C. Mr. Murphy has received honorable mention in the awarding of the Pugsley prize of \$1,000 for the most outstanding work among Washington newspaper correspondents for the year 1930. He became chief of the United States Daily reportorial force in the Senate, leaving that position to enter the Washington office of the New York World. Now he is with the United Press. Mr. Murphy, the Collegian Staff would heartily enjoy any bit of news from you personally.

Probably it would be of interest to the Alumni to know something good about the ex-Alumni Editor, who broke all records in this Department and kept it chuck-full with the latest items of the day. Thomas Rieman, C. PP. S., is living a blissful, quiet life at St. Charles Seminary. By profession, or rather by hobby, this little, but mighty Alumnus is a painter and is still painting—this statement should not be misinterpreted. Not a notable or world-wide artist is he, but a mere painter of such small things as barns, for this is the work he did while at St. Joe's. Of course, we hasten to say, this was Tom's work during vacation days. Thomas, this Department is open for any suggestions.

Wanted! This space is not reserved for ads, but due to a request it seems proper to insert this article. Wendelin "Red" Dreiling is in search of a stenographer to relieve him of his correspondence duty. On account of the present depression there may be numerous applicants, yet "Red" will certainly use discretion in making his choice. Philosophy



must be rather difficult if it employs a student so intensively as not to leave time for correspondence.

Hit that line! That is what George "Dave" LaNoue was doing last fall during the football season. Dave testifies that during the first few games he was a bench warmer. After many long runs down the field which resulted in touch-downs, he became a regular on a Semi-Pro team. Although Dave is not yet a "Schwartz", he was considered an all-around athlete at St. Joe's. Now, because Dave works behind the team, no one has a right to think that he is a teamster.



### UNEXPECTED!

On Friday, February 25, while we were in the midst of unravelling the secrets of oratory, a visiting priest stepped into our classroom. After being introduced by our Very Rev. Rector as a representative of the North Central Association, Father Albert C. Fox, S. J., Dean of John Carroll University, Cleveland, Ohio, expressed his views on oratory, incidently emphasizing and substantiating the doctrine which has been patiently drilled into the class of '32 for almost three years. That we will have to speak in public is evident enough, said Father Fox, and besides, what good will a great fund of knowledge do us if we keep it locked up in our heads? Knowledge, he insisted in his aphoristic way, must be communicated. After "sitting in" the various classes and listening to the flawless recitations (which seemed to be inspired), Father Fox left St. Joe's, as we hope, with pleasant memories.

Ah! Locals has interviewed a newspaper man. Recalling Spencer's admonition in "News Writing", we approached our target, the President of the Catholic Press Association, with some trepidation. But we soon discovered that Mr. Benedict Elder is a real scout and in sympathy with reporters. He said: I enjoyed my unexpected opportunity to address the students during their Catholic Action program on the Catholic Press. As I mentioned then, the Catholic Press Association is the coordinate articulation of Catholic Action. The C. P. A. is in its twenty-first year and comprises all Catholic publishers of the United States. Its contributors are the most distinguished Catholic writers in the country. Sometime in May the next annual convention of the board which governs the Association will be held in Buffalo.

Mr. Elder is the father of Francis '34 and John '35 and the editor of "The Record," the diocesan weekly of Louisville, Kentucky.

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### LOCAL BOYS MAKE GOOD!

For the second time within recent months, Raphael Gross, book-reviewer of the "Collegian," has won a five dollar prize on his splendid, literary and familiar essays. Last December his "Sigrid Undset and the Medieval Church" captured first honors in a special essay contest sponsored by the Catholic Daily Tribune's Young People's Club. Again in February he was notified that "due to the excellence of your essays 'Catholic Masterpieces of 1930', 'Familiar Essays—As I Like Them', 'On the By-Paths of Literature'; you have been awarded the coveted annual prize, made possible through the prize Endowment Fund, as the outstanding prose writer and contributor of the year."

Joseph Otte, "Locals", received second honorable



mention for his fine prose articles, while Leonard Storch, "Associate Editor," was equally recognized for his poetry. Last year Leonard was awarded the annual poetry prize. Who said that "Collegian" work isn't worthwhile?

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### THE FRESHMEN'S WIENIE ROAST

While Old Man Sol was trying his best to put on a holiday grin for Washington's Birthday the rollicking College Freshmen trooped out to their time-honored sand-pit. Following the trend of our present day efficiency experts, Walt Steiger, Joe O'Leary, and Jimmie Pike had all the events and the prizes forecast to the minute. After the toast-fed collegians had sizzled a few wienies, the races began in grand style. The most thrilling event of all was the cross-country race, filled with spills, flops, and burrs. Kokomo Heilman with those big feet of his, dashed over the banks and through the burrs to win a pair of rubber soles in true Charlie Paddock style. But then the Hopping Kangaroo from Kirby, Rip Reidlinger, copped both the sack race, and a little later the three-legged race with a rustic co-partner, Vic Boarman.

Variety is the spice of life. In the "Big Fish Story Contest" there were many serious contenders until Louie Zenz told one about his speed. Did you ever shoot at a coon, run to catch it, and have the bullet hit you in the vanguard as you were about to capture the "critter"? If you have not, ask Louie! After two hours of intensive boiling, the official coffee-tasters, Spider and Buzz, informed the genial gathering that the coffee was fine. It reminded one of our modern souplines to see the fellows with cups in their hands filing past the coffee pot. Jiggs was progressive that morning; he went around twice as



often as his nearest competitors, Ray Leonard and Red Dwyer. Then like one of the seers of old, Mike Vichuras very bluntly presented each man's future to the individuals six years from now. When the last wienie was eaten, and Pike had been turned away from the empty coffee pot, and Joe Hoying had toasted the last bun, no one opposed the suggestion of returning to the college. The day is gone, the joys of an eventful morning have been experienced, but the memories of a successful wienie roast will linger in our minds long after we have passed the portals of St. Joe's.

Herbert Kenney.

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### LES NOUVELLES

Somehow or other new endeavors are continually being undertaken by some students. The very latest is a French newspaper. The duties of editor and publisher are taken care of by Matt Lange '32, while Lawrence Gollner '32 is reporter, proof-reader, and business manager. Due to its simplicity of language, the weekly, "Les Nouvelles", has attained a certain height of popularity. Plus de succes a vous!

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### MISSION FESTIVAL

All will be joy and happiness on the afternoon of Easter Sunday. Reason? The Dwenger Mission Unit is staging a big spring festival. Numbering thirty-five strong, the band will furnish many pleasant interludes. As a special attraction, the fleetest members of the classes will compete in gala track meet—the 100 yard dash, the high jump, the 880 relay, etc. For those who are not so fast, there will be the three-legged race, sack race and so on. Of course, the inimitable clowns, with their bag full of tricks and jokes, will be on the spot. Since everyone must

have an opportunity to try his skill in something or other, there will be booths. For how could anyone imagine a festival without a chance to "pop the nigger babies," or fish, or to ring a hand painted cigar lighter? Eats? You bet!

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### SENIOR NEWS

#### Characteristic Sounds!

Ernst: Are ya working on your columns?

Coleman: Now, I'm telling you in plenty of time, so you will have, etc.

Gross: Who's milkin' this cow?

Koller: Hey, Mo!

Wirtz: As general manager of sports—blah, blah.

Conroy: I heartily endorse this idea!

Siebeneck: Who's big enuf to pop me?

Nardecchia: Gimme a match.

Gollner: Whatcha been up to now, Conroy?

Rable: Don't lean on the scenery.

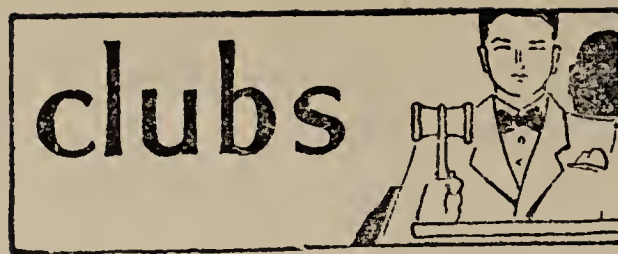
Leiker: Ach! You don't need a haircut.

Vichuras: Mr. Chairman, I move that we adjourn.

McCarthy: What's the score?

Maloney: Last summer I traveled extensively, etc.





## COLUMBIAN LITERARY SOCIETY

The Moving finger writes,  
And having writ  
Moves on, nor all your  
Piety or wit  
Shall lure it back to cancel half a line,  
Nor all your tears washout a word of it.

In the official criticism of the public program presented on the eve of Washington's birthday, the critic of the Columbian Literary Society stated that these lines of Omar Khayyam represented a fact. The program, according to the general opinion of Collegeville play-goers, was marked as another gem in the "Dramatic" crown of the Columbian Literary Society. James P. Conroy, the vice-president, in introducing the president recalled forcefully that the Columbian Literary Society should be looked upon as a preparation for future success in the art of elocution and not merely as an entertainment. The president of the society for the second semester, John E. Byrne, delivered an inaugural address, beautifully couched in literary phrases and strikingly furnished with all the fire and zest of a finished speaker. His topic was the "Personality of Washington."

Resolved: "That the United States should heed the admonition of George Washington and avoid foreign entanglements." This statement was upheld by the affirmative, William J. Coleman. The negative, John M. Lefko, contested the veracity of this proposition. Both speakers presented the question so convincingly that to the audience the decision seemed to



be a virtual draw. The judges, however, cast their ballots in favor of the negative, John M. Lefko.

It is the writer's opinion that the playlet "Three Friends" could suitably be given the sub-title "The Three Wise Men of Iniquity." From the opening scene this play enveloped the audience in a pall of sinister and shadowy deeds. The plot of the play circles about a gentleman crook and his two grim accomplices. With swift action, the play works up to the point at which the leader sees fit to do away with his men only to be duped by the same fate—death by poison. William Egolf, as the suave and almost human crook, Gannister, dominated every action of his accomplices, except one, with a degree of rigidity which demanded respect. Dunroy, as acted by Clarence Rastetter, was a hardened two-fisted thug. This presentation of the thug was so realistic that not a few of our freshmen have been seen retreating hurriedly whenever Clarence makes his appearance. Gilbert Wirtz, in presenting the character Wilkes, the slavish tool of Dunroy, showed signs of great temerity at times, and at other times such courage in his drunken bravery that the audience was held spellbound in anticipation of what he might do.

The final and crowning event of the evening was the intensely dramatic play by Jack Stuart Knapp "The Other Side" depicting a tragedy behind a prison wall. A prison wall has been the background for many of our finest and strongest plays. In prison men may rise to great heights of heroism or may debase themselves to the most abject cowardice. But whether one recalls most vividly Claudio in the prison scene of "Measure for Measure," or any other like scene, the story has always been that of a prisoner. Here is a play that is different. There is

all the grim hopelessness of stone walls and an execution, but there is no prisoner. Instead, there is that unforgettable tragedy of the executioner who had to sacrifice his own flesh and blood—his son. Haley, the guard, as portrayed by Leo Frye, showed the dread and nervousness of one who, for the first time, must help at an execution. Kenneth Hurlow, as Quinn the reporter, was a typical smooth and self-centered messenger of the press. Coughlin, the warden, interpreted by Leonard Fullenkamp was just as we would expect a warden to be—kind yet indifferent towards those who must pass through his hands into eternity. The portrayal of the uncommunicative executioner, Allison, as acted by Joseph O'Leary, was undoubtedly some of the best work of the evening. The intensely gripping situation which led up to the execution, was brought to a real thrilling climax as the old grey-haired father with almost super-human effort threw the switch to blot out the only care that this world had left for him.

On the eve of St. Patrick's Day, March 16th, the Columbian Literary Society will present another major production, "The Beloved Crusader." This play is a historical drama of the life of St. Anthony of Padua by the Friars of Duns Scotus College, Detroit, Michigan.

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### NEWMAN CLUB

Alfred Horrigan, the president for the ensuing term, in his acceptance speech on Feb. 21, stressed the necessity that the members of the Newman Club should never be devoid of that spark of energy which makes all endeavors successful. The other acceptance speeches of the new officers expressed ideas and ideals which, if they are adhered to, will do much towards advancing the welfare of the club. The



high spot of the meeting was introduced by Gomar De Cocker, the chairman of the Executive Committee, as he officially announced the cast for the Newman play to be given shortly after the birthday of the April fool.

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### DWENGER MISSION UNIT

With examinations a pleasant memory, the D. M. U. held a meeting on Tuesday evening February 2nd. The reports of various committees were read and accepted in order. The Catholic Action committee gave a program with a musical interlude by Val Volin and his orchestra. The first speaker of the program was Edward Maziarz, who spoke on the Arch-Confraternity of the Precious Blood with its history and ideals. Michael Vichuras spoke on Catholic Action as a necessary change. The Rev. Camillus Lutkemeier gave an instructive talk on the benefits of music which was greatly appreciated. Another of these talks is eagerly expected by the entire assembly.

Alumni Hall was the scene of one of the most enjoyable meetings of the year, on Saturday evening, February 27th. Surprises, both large and small, were in store for those who attended the meeting. The business part of the meeting was dispatched in systematic order to give place to a program sponsored by Catholic Action. The program was inviting, entertaining, and educational. The first appearance of William McKune and his orchestra was, indeed, a pleasant surprise. Accompanied by the orchestra, Thomas Danehy, tenor, gave a vocal selection "My Rosary." Variety is spice for the living, yes this statement is old, but very true. Four instructive speeches were given by gentlemen who firmly believed in the power of the Catholic press. Leo Lemkuhl



spoke on "Reading Catholic Literature;" Frank Gannon, on "The Necessity of the Catholic Press;" Joseph Fontana, on "The True Seminarian Supports the Catholic Press;" and Dominic Pallone, on "The Action in behalf of the Catholic Press."

In closing the program the orchestra played two selections which met with instantaneous response from the audience. In the course of one of these numbers, William McKune, the young maestro, gave a vocal rendition in the 'old' maestro's inimitable style. The grand surprise of the evening came as the Rev. C. Knue, director of the D. M. U., introduced the guest of the meeting, Mr. Benedict Elder, president of the National Catholic Press Association, and also editor of "The Record" of Louisville, Ky. Mr. Elder addressed the assembly on details concerning the National Catholic Press Association. In the course of his talk, Mr. Elder said, "We are not becoming paganized, we are becoming more Christianized! The Catholic Press is the mouthpiece of the Church, and the Catholic Press Association is uniting the Catholic papers, magazines, and periodicals for the purpose of spreading Catholic ideals and principals."

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### THE RALEIGH CLUB

With an unusual degree of promptness, the R. S. C. program on Sunday evening, February 13, opened. Due to a certain incapacity of a great number of the members, the meeting had been postponed. But tingling with anticipation and waiting, the members were now ready. The all-musical program which had been prepared by the R. S. C. orchestra, was perfectly soothing to every weary mind. The quartet, the trio, the duet, in arithmetic progression, rendered the vocal selections. In response to a re-

quest number, Charles Mitchell gave a vocal rendition meriting much praise. In every respect this musical program was thoroughly enjoyed by the members of the Raleigh Smoking Club.

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Of the three musical organizations of St. Joe's namely the band, the orchestra, and the choir, perhaps none has come into prominence so suddenly as has the choir. Previous to January 24, its praiseworthy efforts received mere recognition with now and then some encouraging comments. On that day, however, the choir sang "Tu Es Petrus" so exceptionally well that it fairly took the congregation by surprise. It likewise set a new standard in polyphonic singing, a standard by which all the singing done since that date has been judged.

The "Tu Es Petrus" in question is the one by M. Haller. In itself it is a little masterpiece. Beginning slowly and softly, it gradually swells and widens like some mighty stream. To the organ is assigned an important part, for when the choir sings, "Et portae inferi non prevalebunt," the organ uses powerful chords as if to reinforce the meaning of these words.

On January 22, a select group of eight choir members, together with the Rev. H. Lucks, director, and Prof. P. C. Tonner, organist, were invited to Rensselaer to sing the Requiem High Mass on the occasion of Michael Kanne's funeral. The Mass used on this occasion is one of Prof. Tonner's compositions.

For the annual program on the eve of Washing-

ton's birthday the band appeared in the pit of the auditorium to entertain with three delightful numbers. "The Blue and Grey," a familiar patrol by C. W. Dalbey, opened the program. While the stage was being set for "The Three Friends," "Goddess of the Dawn," a new overture by F. H. Losey was rendered by the band; and to judge from the applause one might say that it was an immediate success. Just before the next act of "The Other Side," "The Wedding Ring," another overture by G. D. Barnard, proved even more enjoyable than the first two numbers. This fact was confirmed both by plaudits and compliments.

Heretofore no mention has been made of the fact that not only band concerts but also marching will be a source of entertainment during spring time. In the past few months the stage and basketball floors have been used for drills in the rudiments of marching; but with the coming of the robins, the exercises will take place on the campus.

As for the orchestra, reports indicate a steady progress. Its past successes and the occasions of amusement it afforded make everybody long for its next appearance, which in all probability will be on March 16, the eve of St. Patrick's Day.







## COLLEGE TIE SERIES WITH 48-27 WIN OVER HI-SCHOOL.

After an undefeated supremacy on the hardwood for the past two years, the Hi-School finally succumbed to the College by a score of 48-27. The first few minutes of play gave the usual promise of a very close contest, but the College soon pulled away to win by a comfortable margin. Stan Manoski led the attack with a protracted series of looping shots such as have not been seen since Johnnie Ryan left St. Joe's in '29. Red Lammers and Shad Horrigan starred for the losers. The score at the half was 27-16 in favor of the College.

Red Lammers opened the scoring soon after the opening tip-off with a long fielder. Tom Danehy dropped in a foul shot. Stan Manoski sunk one from the side to give the College the lead. Eddie Hession retaliated with a nice running shot from the foul ring. Gollner tied the score at 4 all with a free throw. Danehy put the College into the lead once more with a short shot. Manoski brought the fans to their feet with a ringing shot from the corner. Lammers scored from the gift line on Danehy's personal. Manoski dribbled under to lay one away. Shad Horrigan hit from the corner, and Lammers put the Hi-School one point behind 10-9 with a close in shot. Manoski arched another one in from the corner. Pete Koller drove under for a bucket and was fouled by Tink Forsee. He made the toss good. Manoski repeated from the corner. Horrigan swished the drapes from far out, and the Hi-School called

time out with the score standing at 17-11 for the College. Paul Miller, Ralph Steinhauser, Rusty Scheidler, and Joe Fontana entered the game for the Hi-School. Gollner slopped in a one-handed shot from out on the floor. Danehy scored from underneath, and the quarter ended as Manoski attempted a wild one-handed heave from the corner. Score: College 21; Hi-School 11.

Scoring in the second quarter was rather slow, but after several minutes Danehy caged a couple under-basket flips. Miller sunk an overhead shot from the foul circle. Forsee took a neat pass from Scheidler to score. Fontana tossed in a free throw and the half ended as Koller crashed through on the pivot play for a two-pointer. Score: College 27; Hi-School 16.

Fontana fouled Manoski to open the second half. Stan counted on the toss. Koller scored from underneath. Bob Zahn followed in a long one for a two-pointer. Gollner turned and whirled one in from the foul line. Zahn cut under the nets to score. Scheidler drew a personal on Gollner, and made it. Lammers and Steinhauser reentered the game. Fontana donated two points to the College cause by fouling Manoski. Steinhauser sunk a short one. Lammers connected from the gift line on Danehy's foul, and a little later sunk a long one to end the quarter. Score: College 38; Hi-School 22.

Manoski opened the last quarter with a basket. Danehy fouled Fontana and was whistled out of the game. Peanuts Ritter replaced him, and Joe registered the toss. A few seconds later he took a pass from Miller to score again. Zahn came in for two goals in rapid succession, and then there was a raft of substitutions—Carl Vandagriff, Dom Altieri, and Johnnie Bresnan for the Hi-School; Ray

Leonard, Jim Conroy, Tom Siebeneck, and Al Mayer for the College. Altieri scored from under the nets; Leonard and Siebeneck caged free throws, Conroy followed in a long one for a basket, and the game ended with the score: College 48; Hi-School 27.

The lineup:

COLLEGE (48)	B	F	P	HI-SCHOOL (27)	B	F	P
Manoski, f. ----6	3	1		Hession, f. -----1	0	0	
Siebeneck f. ---0	1	0		Miller, f. -----1	0	0	
Danehy, f. ----4	1	4		Bresnan, f. -----0	0	0	
Conroy, f. -----1	0	0		Forsee, f. -----1	0	1	
Gollner, c. -----2	1	1		Vandagrif, f. --0	0	1	
Leonard, c. -----0	1	0		Horrigan, c. ----2	0	1	
Zahn, g. -----4	0	1		Steinhauser, c. --1	0	0	
Ritter, g. -----0	0	0		Lammers, g. ----3	2	1	
Koller, g. -----3	1	2		Scheidler, g. ----0	1	1	
Mayer, g. -----0	0	0		Downey, g. ----0	0	1	
				Fontana, g. ----1	2	2	
Totals -----	20	8	9	Altieri, g. -----1	0	0	
				Totals -----	11	5	8

Officials—Rev. H. Lucks, Rev. F. Fehrenbacker.

Led by Charlie Maloney, their manager and pivot man, the College seconds took a fast preliminary game from the Hi-School seconds by a score of 26-21. The beginning of the game portended the outcome, when the College quickly acquired a fifteen point lead in the first period. But this was sufficient to arouse the North Siders who then counted with a like spurt, bringing the score to the slight difference of 17-13 at the half. The Hi-School kept coming up and in the last quarter Kostka slipped in a clean floor shot to shove them ahead 21-20. But here Harris, Lange, and Maloney took matters in hand with successive field goals, and the College securely awaited the final whistle.



### FOURTHS BOW TO SIXTHS 22-13

Despite their determination which won them lasting admiration from players and spectators alike, a flu-ridden remnant of the formidable Fourths finally bowed to the superior strength and stamina of the Sixths on February 2 by a score of 22-13. The score was tied at the half at 6 all, with the Sixths confident and the Fourths determined. Sickness and lack of reserve strength, however, wasted away the younger drive in the last period. Joe Fontan, playing his best game of the season, made seven points for the Fourths, while Paul Miller's desperate floorwork kept the Fourths in there fighting. Pete Koller led the Sixth year attack with ten points.

---

### THIRDS DEFEAT FIFTHS 25-18

Though playing without the services of Jerry Roth, the Thirds put up their best game of the current season to defeat the Fifths by a score of 25-18. Young John Downey, who is now filling Jerry's shoes in the forward berth, was easily the star of the day with eight points. The game marked the revival of interest and colorfulness in basketball games, such as prevailed here in former years. Credit is especially due to Jim Thornbury for his good old time cheer leading. Let's have more of it!

---

### SIXTHS AGAIN TOP THIRDS 20-14

Staving off defeat in the last quarter, the Sixths managed to win over the Thirds by a score of 20-14. The game began slow, and at the end of the first quarter, only six points had been made and all of these by the Sixths. The half ended 12-5. Eddie Hession opened the second half with two consecutive field goals, and soon the younger team threatened to even things up. In the last period, however, Gollner,

Zahn, and Conroy counted for the Sixths, and the game ended with the Seniors ahead 20-14.

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#### **FOURTHS WIN OVER FIFTHS 30-21**

After getting off to a rather slow start, which found them trailing at the half 14-6, the Fourths came back in the second half, piling up points almost at will, to win over the Fifths by a score of 30-21. Forsee, Horrigan, and Scheidler led the attack, while Miller and Fontana were not far behind. Danehy and Manoski, as usual, starred for the Fifths.

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#### **THIRDS TAKE THIRD STRAIGHT FROM FIFTHS 36-26**

Continuing their smooth passing attack, the Third Year machine, led by Eddie Hession with fifteen points, handily turned back the Fifths for the third straight time by a score of 36-26. Jumping away to a 6-0 lead at the start, the Thirds were tied once, but never headed. Stan Manoski and Tom Danehy kept the Fifths in the running, scoring twenty-four of the Fifths' twenty-six points. Assisting Eddie Hession, were young John Downey and Red Lammers who were responsible for twenty-nine of the Thirds' points.

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#### **THIRDS VICTORIOUS IN SENIOR LEAGUE BLIND TOURNEY**

Displaying the same style of play that has exhibited itself in their last three games, the Thirds, led by Red Lammers and Eddie Hession, swamped the hitherto undefeated Sixths by a score of 35-26 to win St. Joe's first annual Senior League blind tourney. Luckily for the Sixths, whose recent listless style of play has been more like that of a cellar-contending aggregation than that of a championship team, that the pennant is already won, and that but



one game remains to be played, otherwise the Thirds might be wearing J's in a few weeks. The Thirds fought their way into the finals by upsetting the powerful Fourths 21-16, while the Sixths took an easy and listless encounter from the Fifths by a score of 31-23. In the consolation game another upset occurred when the Fifths handed the Fourths the short end of a 29-21 count. Stan Manoski and Tink Forsee were the high point men of the day with ten apiece.

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### ACADEMIC LEAGUE NOTES

The Sixths and Fourths continue to hold sway on the Academic roster, while the Thirds and the Fifths have decided the cellar berth in favor of the luckless latter team. In the first game of this month's record, the Seniors mercilessly disposed of the Fifths, 41-18. Gib Wirtz actually made eleven points. Then the Thirds duplicated the trimming by a score of 18-7 with Henderlong of the Juniors doing the heavy scoring, following which the Fifths accepted their third straight setback, this time at the hands of the Fourths, 31-11. Rambling play in each game caused no unusual attractions.

But on February 16, the Sixths and Thirds put on a real old fashioned Ac battle. After much hectic seesawing the score stood at 25-23 in favor of the Sixths. Lange, prospective all-star forward of the Sixths, connected for five field goals and a charity toss to take high point honors. But then three days after their spirited tussle with the Sixths, the Juniors were easily overcome by the Fourths, led by Hank Miller, 22-9.

The two eagerly anticipated games between the Sixths and the Fourths for the league leadership were postponed, so the Fifths were forced to play



two more consecutive games, which were lost to the Sixths and Thirds by the score of 38-20 and 21-14 respectively. Lange, Sixths' forward, again whizzed the nets for twelve points, and Mitchell followed closely with the eleven. Reichlin of the Fifths retaliated with ten of his own keeping the Fifths in the game. In the second encounter Kostka, Junior center, was high scorer for the winners and Missler for the Fifths.

---

### MIDGET LEAGUE NOTES

After a whole month's play the Midget league still has no champion. The February activities began with a play-off for first place between the Sharpshooters and the Sinkers; which by the way, was won by the Sharpshooters by a score of 16-14, and now the same condition exists again. In the above game it looked for thirty-one minutes like the Sinkers would win, but in the last minute Foos tired of watching Torchy Ottenweller and as a result Torchy slipped in a couple of baskets to tie and win the game. Following this the Sharpshooters tightened their hold on first place by utterly trouncing the Cagers 42-4 in the wildest scoring spree of the year.

Apparently unperturbed by their preceding defeat, the Cagers came right back and gave the Sinkers a big scare, dropping a close 14-13 game. Red Quinn had a chance to tie the score in the last minute but missed. While Coach Conroy was out scouting Rensselaer, the Sharpshooters managed to squeeze through a 20-19 win over the Hoosiers. Some one's finger, though, was the only thing that saved them from defeat in the last few seconds. After these two exciting games the Hoosiers and Cagers put on a regular circus. The Hoosiers won 37-17.

On February 14, the Sharpshooters and Sinkers renewed their old feud and once more the Sharpshooters came out ahead 17-13. But with the pennant in their grasp the Sharpshooters cracked. First the lowly Cagers stalled their way to a 12-9 victory over them, and then the Hoosiers took them into camp by a score of 20-14.

Probably the most exciting game so far was the triple-overtime game in which the Sinkers beat the Hoosiers 19-17. Red O'Connor caught the Hoosier defense asleep in the third overtime period to score the winning basket. The Sinkers continued their winning streak by taking two comparatively easy games, one 21-5 from the Cagers, and the other 14-7 from the Hoosiers to end the month's activities, and to put themselves and the Sharpshooters into a tie for first place.



Steininger—You remind me of an air plane.

Schroeder—Why? Because I'm such a high flyer?

Steininger—No, because you just aren't of any use on earth.

First Prof—My students are like a battery.

Second Same—How's that?

First Prof—They're negative in their knowledge and positive in their ignorance.

And also it is rumored that "Yicks" Vichuras thinks a goblet is a sailor's little boy.

Zimmerman—What's your idea of a hypocrite, Van?

Van Nevel—A boy who works geometry problems with a smile.

---

Heilman—Say how do you expect me to pump air into this ball without a pump?

Ritter—Talk to it, Tom, talk to it.

---

Greven—I see 'Featherhead' Urschaltz has a hard time getting up in the mornings.

Petro—Yep! So does Foos, they rock themselves to sleep, trying to roll out.

---

Prof—Why did the Israelites make a golden calf, Schmitt?

Schmitt—I suppose because they didn't have enough to make a bull.

---

Mandy—Liza, what fo yo buy dat odder box of shoe blacking?

Liza—Go on, dat ain't shoe blacking; dats mah massage cream.

---

### ONE EYED CONNELLY SEZ

You can't tell 'em that the Generals are in Private Offices and the Privates are in General Offices.  
The Daze To Be Remembered in February Aren't.

---

Brown—Tim, what in the world is the matter?

Downey—I just got out of the hospital—was operated on for appendicitis.

Brown—What's that got to do with the lump on your head?

Downey—A lot. They ran out of ether.



Gannon—What's a cow got horns for?

F. Ernst—To blow, wise Boy.

---

Then there are some who say that Nieset ought to be called Sunset because he is always going down town.

---

Cashman—How's "Yicks" coming along?

Infirmarian—Bad! He's lyin' at death's door.

Cashman—What? At death's door and still lyin'.

---

### CHIEF COUGH-EM-LOT

Our Indian Chief "Sparky Mallifske" entered a drug store the other day and ordered 12 bottles of cough syrup.

"You must be having lots of sickness in your camp," the druggist remarked as he wrapped up the bottles.

"Ugh," the Indian grunted, "Me like 'um on pancake."

---

Newspaper man (to visitor in the United States)  
—What is the strangest thing you saw in America?

Visitor—A cocktail.

Newspaperman—Why?

Visitor—Because they put in

Whiskey to make it strong,

Water to make it weak,

Sugar to make it sweet,

Lemon to make it sour,

Gin to make it hot,

Ice to make it cold,

Then they lift it up and say, "Here's to you"

And then drink it themselves.

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PATHE NEWS

CARTOON

Sunday, Monday, Tuesday, March 20-21-22  
Joan Bennett, Spencer Tracy, Una Merkel, James  
Kirkwood and Dorothy Peterson in

"SHE WANTED A MILLIONAIRE"

Blame her—if you blame the millions like her!

PATHE NEWS

SHORTS

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WITNESSING

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